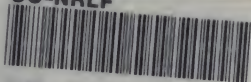


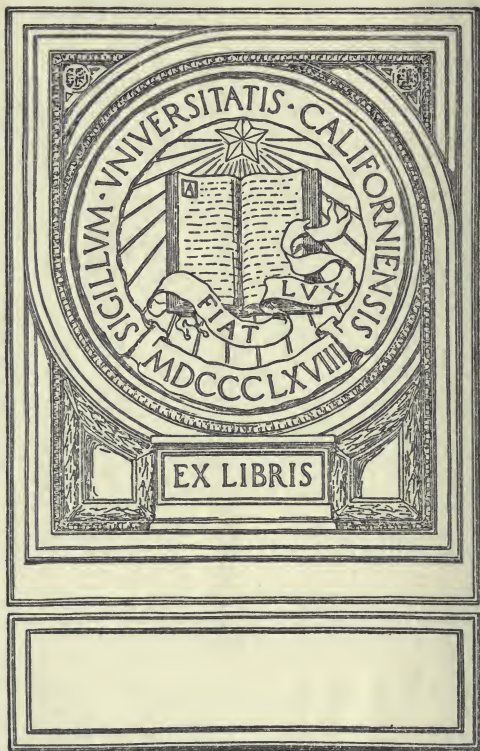
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WORCESTER FIELD, OR, THE CAVALIER :

A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

“ Since Sir Walter Scott laid aside his harp, we have met with few, if any, Poems equal in merit to the present, with reference to the peculiar class to which it belongs. Many of the qualities which conferred so bright a charm upon the ‘ Lady of the Lake ’ and ‘ Marmion,’ the free and flowing versification, the high and generous sentiments, and energy of expression, may be traced in Worcester Field.”—*New Monthly Magazine*

*From The Author
with kind regards*
THE

SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHORESS OF "WORCESTER FIELD; OR, THE CAVALIER."



LONDON :

HURST, CHANCE, & CO. 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

MDCCCXXVII.

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TO THE
ANNALS OF

BUNGAY: PRINTED BY J. R. AND C. CHILDS.

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THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

THOU, whose bold genius, in so short a span,
Marked the seven stages of the life of man ;
Yet hast omitted, in thy gifted page,
To paint the eras of his consort's age ;
Lend me thy deathless spirit, whilst I show
Each change of Woman's days, through weal and woe.

First, soft and helpless, innocent and mild,
Smiles in her nurse's arms the female child ;

Fresh from her Maker's hands, all pure and fair,
Unstained by sin, unruffled yet by care,
A stranger in this world of ceaseless strife,
Lovely and passionless her dawn of life.

Next see her seated at her mother's feet,
With eyes upraised the glance of love to meet ;
Gay as the birth of hope, all joy and grace,
The mind expanding brightens in her face ;
Speech partially unlocked, in silvery tone
She now essays to make her wishes known,
Now to explain her doubtful meaning tries,
With mingled eloquence of lips and eyes.
Here the first sorrows of the child begin,
The slumbering passions waken from within,
Each in its turn its growing strength reveals,
Anger, and love, and grief she keenly feels ;
With graver look and melancholy air
She cons the lesson with reluctant care :

The book, the pen, the needle, all engage,
And form the sorrows of the second stage.

A third advances—toils and tasks are past,
And life's sweet summer brightly dawns at last ;
Spring's lovely buds expand to fairest flowers,
And Hope's enchantment gilds the sunny hours :
She, by the standard of her own pure mind,
Judges the cold, the selfish, and unkind ;
Earth and its children views in trusting mood,
And thinks that, like herself, they all are good ;
And blind to all its shoals, its storms, and strife,
She enters on the treacherous waves of life.
Ah ! sweet confiding season, o'er your bloom
Why should the blight of falsehood cast a gloom ?
O'er those high feelings, and that heart's warm glow,
A chilling damp the cruel world will throw ;
The noblest virtues which that mind adorn,
The false will mock, the wicked treat with scorn,

The crowd shall mark with cold invidious gaze,
And those will trample who should help to raise,
Till from the freezing glance of heartless pride,
Its fair endowments slighted worth will hide ;
This, in the lovely dayspring of her youth,
Shall cloud its sunshine and abuse its truth ;
Or bitterer far, perchance, is doomed to prove
The venom'd shafts of unrequited love.
At first, by slow degrees, her gentle heart
Admits the poison, nor perceives the smart.
She loves the moonlight and the evening hour,
The river's margin, and the forest bower ;
There, wrapt in musings, she delights to stray,
And nurse the dream that steals her soul away :
All else to her is idle, dull, and vain,
Pleasure insipid, and exertion pain.
Too oft 'tis hers, by struggling pangs oppress'd,
To hide the thorn that rankles in her breast ;

With dying hopes to combat thronging fears,
And find a sad relief in gushing tears.
Alas ! she learns that cruel man can turn
From hearts like hers, and each warm feeling spurn ;
That he unmoved can all her anguish view,
And treat with cold contempt a love so true—
So fond as hers—which worlds could never buy,
And kings themselves to share might vainly sigh.
She weeps in secret, and she sits alone,
Pale as a sunless day whose hope is gone,
Absorbed in silent heart-consuming woe,
Reckless of all around, above, below.
This cannot last ; and Time, with noiseless wings,
Sweeps o'er her bosom and allays its stings,
And other hopes and calmer feelings brings.

So pass the three first stages of her life.
A fourth succeeds, and sees her now a wife ;

Yet not perchance of him who taught her heart
The earliest sigh, and caused its keenest smart.
Forgetful of the wrongs which man has given,
When linked to man, she makes his home a heaven ;
His nurse in sickness, and his joy in health,
His aid in poverty, his pride in wealth ;
Her heart the solace where his wounded mind
Flies for relief, and finds it ever kind ;
Where, when all fail him, he can still confide,
Its faith, like gold, more pure the more 'tis tried.
Though storms without on every side increase,
They cannot mine the house of love and peace,
Which on the rock of duty firmly stands,
While strife and folly perish on the sands.

But now a period still more blest shall come,
And crown with joy the calm delights of home ;
The sweetest era of the female life,
Which makes a mother of the happy wife,

And adds a cement to that holy tie,
For human happiness ordained on high ;
When round her board the olive branches spring,
And love's dear claimants to their mother cling ;
And she beholds beneath her anxious eyes
Her lovely hopes in fair succession rise.
The youngest, cradled on her fostering breast,
Sighs its delight, and softly sinks to rest.
Another darling, with bewitching grace,
Hides in the slumberer's robe his cherub face,
Then archly wanton, full of infant glee,
He laughs aloud, and peeps mamma to see.
A third more active boldly climbs her chair,
And pleads his right each fond caress to share ;
Whilst a fair girl who hangs upon her arm,
Rich in each playful wile and early charm,
In lisping tones her earnest wish has told,
That she ' sweet baby on her lap may hold.'

The happy mother on her infant train
Gazes with transport which amounts to pain ;
A smile of rapture on her lip appears,
But her soft eyes o'erflow with tender tears—
Tears which e'en gazing seraphs might approve,
The holy weepings of maternal love.

Blest in her duties, calmly glide away
The busy hours of Life's meridian day,
Till Time advancing o'er the dial flings
A darker shade, and that sad epoch brings—
That mournful stage of comfortless distress,
Which sees her now in widowed loneliness ;
Consumed by sorrow, and oppressed with gloom,
She sighs for refuge in the friendly tomb ;
Yet, as her glance upon her children falls,
She starts in anguish, and that wish recalls.
From mingled feelings now her eyes o'erflow,
The mother's softness with the widow's woe ;

Her bosom thrilling with an interest dear,
Which robs of bitterness the falling tear,
Her rebel heart sinks lowly, and her mind
Bows to the will of heaven, in grief resigned.

Slowly but sure Life's sands declining flow,
In ceaseless course.—What now remains to show
Of Woman's days, when all has past away
That charmed the young, the thoughtless, and the gay,
And the fair fabric totters in decay?
When youth, and health, and strength, and beauty's
beam,
Appear like traces of some distant dream,
Of which remembrance almost seems to fade
E'en from herself, who fondly once surveyed
Those bright possessions, and in raptured tone
Exclaimed exulting, 'These are all my own.'
Now reft of all—faint, feeble, prest with age,
We mark her feelings in the last great stage ;

The feverish hopes, the fears, the cares of life,
No more oppress her with their torturing strife ;
The restless tumults of her early day
Have pass'd with beauty and with youth away.
She—like some traveller who beholds the sun
Sinking before him ere his journey's done—
Regrets not now to lose its noontide power,
But hails the coolness of the evening hour,
And feels a holy and divine repose
Rest on her spirit in the twilight close.
She in her children's children tastes again
Maternal pleasure and maternal pain,
To them imparts the knowledge years have given,
And points their hopes to soar with hers to heaven ;
What though her eyes are dark in age's night,
Serener, brighter burns the inward light,
Guiding the spirit by its sacred ray,
To cast its mortal thralls and cares away,
And wait its summons to eternal day.

STANZAS.

NIGHT IN THE METROPOLIS.

DEEP midnight o'er the crowded city throws

Her sable mantle, and essays to hide,

In shades congenial to their gloom, the woes

Which those abodes of luxury and pride,

Alike with poverty's sad haunts, enclose ;

Yet has her friendly influence vainly tried

To veil those restless scenes where guilt appears,

Rivalled alone in sway by care and tears.

'Tis night—but Darkness hangs in middle air,
 Waving her dusky pinions, nor descends
On those unquiet streets, where the red glare
 Of countless lamps with her dull sway contends ;
And, like the joyless mirth that revels there,
 Seems but to mock the brightness which it lends
The lower space, while shadows more profound,
Marked by that light, hang heavily around.

The moon is at her full—but her fair beams
 Pierce not the hovering vapours which are spread
Before her glory, though at times she seems,
 Labouring through that dense canopy, to shed
Her sickly, faint, and melancholy gleams ;
 Like the dim glance of eyes from which are fled
The light of youth, and every pleasing ray
Of hope that charmed and cheered life's better day.

"Twere strange to see, and passing sad to trace,
The causes which have scared or banished sleep
From those who now, in this unquiet place,
Vigils as varying as their fortunes keep.
Ah ! here are those who, having run the race
Of frantic folly, now awake to weep,
In bitter floods of unavailing tears,
Their blighted prospects and their wasted years.

Ah ! let not yet the restless brow of pain
Expect the soothing blessings of repose ;
This is the hour when Pleasure's heartless train
Pursue their maddening course, reckless of those
Who, worn with toil or suffering, sigh in vain
For sweet forgetfulness of care to close
Their weary eyes, till the gay revels cease,
And the approach of morn at length brings peace.

Lo ! here the poet, by his lamp's dim light,
Twines in rapt musings the immortal wreath
Of smiling Fame, losing in visions bright
His dark reality.—And with hushed breath,
There through the lonely watchings of the night,
Sits the pale mourner by the bed of death,
Anxious with erring fondness to delay
The spirit's freedom from its bonds of clay.

Wrought to his frenzy's pitch, the gamester there
Stakes his last hope upon the faithless die ;
Waiting the happy morn, yon plighted pair
Would bid the lingering moments swifter fly ;
Whilst the doom'd felon, writhing in despair,
Hears at dread intervals the watchman's cry
Proclaim the waning hours, whose gloomy knell
Alone disturbs the silence of his cell.

When hours are numbered, 'tis a fearful thing
To note their flight, and feel them glide away,
Conscious of nothing but their vanishing,
Yet willing to give worlds for the delay
Of one poor moment, when the next may bring
That awful sentence, ' 'Tis too late to pray,
' Time is to you no more, and Hope's fair light
' Breaks not the darkness of eternal night.'

STANZAS.

MORNING IN THE METROPOLIS.

EMERGING slowly from the breast of night,
O'er the dim shadowy city morn awakes ;
She comes—but veiled in vapours from the sight ;
Unlike her glorious rising, when she breaks
O'er vale and mountain in a flood of light ;
And with her balmy breathing softly shakes
Sleep from reviving nature, and appears
Bride-like in blushes, smiling through her tears.

But here, pale struggling through a misty shroud,
Her sickly and diminished beams are shed
O'er half-distinguished spires and structures proud,
And streets that echo scarce the lonely tread
Of one of that conflicting busy crowd,
That yesterday in waves tumultuous spread,
In quick succession flowing far and wide,
Far as the eye could glance on every side.

That eager, hurried, agitated mass,
Has past like clouds on the horizon seen ;
Or as reflections on a mirror-glass,
Leaving no vestige that they e'er had been.
So o'er Life's stage the multitude shall pass,
Like shadows fading from a dial—e'en
As those have vanished who once filled this place,
And that they e'er existed left no trace.

Deep silence, which inspires a secret chill,
Reigns at this hour unbroken and profound ;
'Tis something awful, that strange breathless still,
Contrasted with the life that teems around ;
The crowded thousands, who shall shortly fill
These streets with all the busy mingled sound
Of overflowing throngs, whose noisy rush
Resembles some swoln torrent's ceaseless gush.

See spectre-like amidst that loneliness,
Unconscious of the keen inclement air
That rudely pierces through her tattered dress,
Glides yon pale tearless victim of despair ;
Once rich in health, and joy, and loveliness ;
But who would in the woe-worn features there
Recall the bright remembrance of her youth,
Her maiden charms, her purity, and truth.

She starts, as one more fallen rushes by
With loud delirious laughter—and her own
Dark doom of deep and bitter misery
Appears more dreadful, as that maddening tone
Rings on her ear—and with a shuddering sigh,
She on the days of peace for ever flown
A moment thinks ; then prays that o'er her woes,
And blighted fame, the grave may early close.

Port of the world ! where luxury and pride
Increase, and streets of palaces arise ;
Where gathering riches teem on every side,
And drooping genius unregarded sighs ;
And slighted worth, and merit, when allied
To chilling penury with hopeless eyes,
See wealth mispent, whose smallest part would heal
Their bitter griefs, and cure the cares they feel.

City of splendour and of wretchedness !

Oh ! could we like yon rising sun survey
The secrets of each dwelling and recess

Within thy bounds, how should we turn away
From those dire scenes of horror and distress,

Where conscious guilt would shun the eye of day ;
And restless sorrow starts from transient sleep,
In fresh-awakened agonies to weep.

Forbear the search, nor seek the veil to raise,

That hides the sum of human crime and woe ;
In mercy hides—for who could calmly gaze

On all the sufferings one short hour could show,
Spent in that sad espial of the ways

And griefs of those, whose various fates below
So widely differ, but alike who are
Strangers and pilgrims in this world of care.

LINES TO THE RIVER WAVENEY.

SWEET stream of my childhood ! still Fancy will fly
To thy green sunny vales with a pensive delight ;
There Memory wanders, and pours forth her sigh
To the spot that no longer may gladden my sight.

Long years have past by, and new scenes have displayed,
But none to my bosom a pleasure e'er gave
Like that which I felt as a child when I strayed,
And plucked the wild flowers that hung over thy
wave.

Oh, those blossoms were fairer, more dear to my heart,
Than the brightest that bloom in the gardens of
Pride ;

And the breeze which blew o'er them more sweets could
impart,

Than the fragrance of spice-groves on Araby's side.

Thy soft verdant meadows, when spring was at hand,
Were tinted with tenderer, lovelier green ;

At her earliest visit each bud would expand,
And vary with fresh opening beauties the scene.

How my bosom has bounded when summer drew near,
With her long sunny season so balmy and mild ;

Oh, ne'er to my spirit was summer so dear,
As when o'er thy waters, sweet Waveney ! she smil'd.

Thou soft peaceful river, how often I think

On the scenes where I wandered in youth's early day,

When I followed thy windings, and hung o'er thy brink,
With feelings since blighted or withered away.

Their brightness is faded by sickness and care,
And Sorrow has laid her cold hand on my heart ;
And the dreams of enchantment, that promised so fair,
No longer a charm to my spirit impart.

But Memory oft visits the spot that I love,
And lingering, points back through the vista of years,
Till in fancy thy valleys and uplands I rove,
And dwell on the picture reflection endears.

And Hope fondly whispers, a moment will come,
When the storms of affliction and fortune are past,
I shall find by thy soft flowing waters a home,
And sink to repose 'midst thy bowers at last.

THE FUNERAL OF KING CHARLES I.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THROUGH the deep azure of the wintry night,
Unnumbered stars shone tremulously bright,
Slow moving on in their majestic march,
And spangling with their glories Heaven's high arch ;
Through boundless space they journey on sublime,
In their appointed course, unchanged by time,
Which changes all things—yet they still are seen,
From age to age, immoveably serene ;

The wreck of nations, and the tide of years,
The crimes they silently behold, the tears,
The hopes, the fears, the passions that enthrall
The pilgrims of this low terrestrial ball,
To them are nothing—less than winds that sweep
The heaving bosom of the restless deep ;
Or they would weep, whene'er they glanced below,
At the dread sum of human guilt and woe.

What mark they now of Fortune's dire reverse ?
See ! o'er the snow-clad plains a lonely hearse,
Towards stately Windsor's solitary towers,
Winds through deserted vales and leafless bowers ;
Which in congenial melancholy gloom,
Appear like mourners conscious of the doom
Of him their Royal Lord, who oft in vain
Had sighed to visit these loved scenes again ;
And after weary years of absence, past
In woe and wanderings, *thus* returns at last.

He comes ! but stretched upon a bloody bier,
O'er which nor wife nor child may shed a tear ;
All, all are distant whom his soul held dear.

What though no stately canopy is spread,
With plumes and proud escutcheons o'er the dead :
See o'er the murdered monarch's sable pall,
Emblems of innocence, the snow-wreaths fall !

But at what hour, and in what humble guise,
Are paid the Lord of England's obsequies ?
No solemn trains in sad procession bring
To their last home the relics of a king ;
No funeral pomp nor tuneful quire are there,
Nor death-march pealing on the midnight air,
Nor blazing torch nor tapers shed their light
Through the dim chapel at the burial rite ;
Nor through the vaulted pile proud anthems swell,
Nor solemn dirge is heard, nor tolling bell.

The holy forms denied, which Christians pay
E'en to the meanest peasant's lifeless clay.
Yet in that dark and melancholy hour,
When those who shared the sunshine of his power,
Appalled by regicides, with general dread,
Forsake the ashes of the royal dead ;
And all the high distinctions once his own,
Wealth, grandeur, state, and majesty, are flown :
There still are those who brave all selfish fear,
To meet his lonely and neglected bier ;
And faithful to the last, with generous love,
Their stainless loyalty unshaken prove.
That glorious six who dauntlessly arose,
Scorning all perils, and from traitor-foes
Wrung boldly the reluctant boon, that they
In sacred earth their murdered Lord should lay.

Stern mourners these, in whom all softer woe
Is lost in indignation's fiery glow ;

Theirs are the burning tears avengers shed,
Where wrath prevails o'er sorrow for the dead ;
Wrath for his countless wrongs, his lawless doom,
His bloody scaffold, and unhonoured tomb.
But, oh ! to him it recks not when or how
Those rites are paid false traitors disallow ;
His wrongs, his griefs, his insults are forgot,
In this calm hour, and *he* regards it not.
The man of many sorrows is at rest,
And this last outrage troubles not the blest.

Lo ! silently his nameless grave above,
Are given the tears and unbought prayers of love ;
And though no monumental marbles grace,
Nor pompous records mark his resting place ;
Yet men unsullied by reproach or fear,
In reverential sorrow gathered near ;
The while a faithful hand inscribed the bier

With one brief line, engraved with pious care,
Which simply told a monarch slumbered there,
Who in the dust his sceptre had laid down,
And changed an earthly for a heavenly crown.

KING CHARLES II. AND THE CAVALIER'S
DAUGHTER.

DEEP silence was on earth—and heaven was bright
With all its sparkling planetary train ;
The harvest-moon with her long glorious light
Was up, and gilding mountain, vale, and plain,
And shedding trembling splendour on the night.
And it seemed strange that any should complain,
Or mourn in such a scene, where all things were
So calmly beautiful, serene, and fair.

But, oh ! there are those moments in our fate,

When we are cold to Nature's loveliness ;

And when we view it it doth aggravate,

And add a keener sting to our distress,

By its strange contrast to our own sad state ;

And all that we in happier hours should bless,

We turn from with a sickening pang, and feel

As some have felt, alas ! but few reveal.

'Twas the third morning since the fatal strife

Was fought at Worcester, and from that dark day,
Slaughter, and woe, and horror, had been rife

On every side, and there was deep dismay
Among the vanquished—many a noble life,

Although escaped from that unhallowed fray,
Was fiercely still pursued by lawless foes,
Marked with a fearful price, and doomed in blood to
close.

Thus marked, and thus pursued by sordid men,
Who followed hard and hot upon his trace;
A youthful warrior in the forest glen,
Weary of urging his tired charger's pace,
Paused like a lion hunted to his den—
While indignation flushed his faded face
To hues of fiery brightness, and his hand
Grasped with a sterner energy his brand.

Oh! there might mingled fury and despair
In every look and attitude be seen,
Of that sad fugitive, who seemed to bear,
Though pale and woe-worn, the majestic mien
And glance of high command, the courtly air,
Which nought could change, though his gay smile
had been
Banished by early grief, whose shade had now
Clouded the sunshine of his lip and brow.

And who is he that rideth thus alone

Through the wild passes of this solitude ?

And hears at distance the dread blood-hound's tone

Ring through the hollow dingles of the wood ?

Servants, and friends, and followers, all are gone.

His perils are unshared—yet such his mood,

He heeds it not ; for from red Worcester's plain

Sweeps the dank breeze that kissed the unburied slain.

Who may he be ? for keener pangs have crost

His soul at this, than bitterest thoughts can bring

Of his own lofty expectations lost,

And his hopes crushed to earth and withering.

Who but the leader of that slaughtered host !

That throneless, houseless shadow of a king !

Before whom is despair—behind the doom

That bowed his father to a bloody tomb.

Where shall he turn?—his foes are gathering near,
And he has fruitlessly with spur and rein
Plied his exhausted steed—When on his ear
Fell a soft whisper—‘ Wherefore thus in vain
‘ Lingerest thou rashly, gallant Cavalier,
‘ Where death surrounds thee—if from Worcester’s
plain
‘ Thou art a straggler, and thy fatal dress,
‘ And courtly mien, denote thee as no less.’

‘ As such thou read’st me rightly, gentle maid ;’—
The monarch answered—‘ And ’fore heaven I brave
‘ That fate which cruel Fortune but delayed
‘ To render doubly bitter—for I have,
‘ Through the wide realms o’er which my father swayed,
‘ No shelter left me, lady, but the grave.’
‘ Not so,’ she said, ‘ if thou could’st deign to share
‘ A subject’s humble roof and frugal fare.’

The youthful king had marked her loveliness,
And with a frank gay courtesy replied—
' By yon bright moon, it needs not my distress
 ' To tempt me to attend so fair a guide.'
She led him through the forest's deep recess,
 To a rude grotto by a streamlet's side,
For secrecy contrived in earlier age ;
Perchance some outlawed priest's lone hermitage.

The monarch eyed her, as with winning grace
 She bade him enter—while the moon's soft light
Gleamed on the touching beauty of her face,
 And eyes so wildly, languishingly bright—
' Fair saint, or guardian angel of the place,
 ' For such thou seem'st to my admiring sight ;'
He said—' Who would not sceptred pomp resign,
 ' To dwell a pilgrim at so sweet a shrine ?'

He spoke with ardent gaze—but she again

Replied in mournful tone with faltering breath,

‘ Oh ! cease this light and amatory strain,

‘ It suits not, my dread liege, the house of death.

‘ Nay, start not ; my brave sire, from Worcester plain,

‘ Came sorely wounded, to expire beneath

‘ This lowly roof ; whence I, since evening’s gloom,

‘ Have roamed in quest of aid to lay him in the tomb.’

She ceased—and flung her white arms o’er the bier

With such a burst of agonized despair,

As robbed the youthful monarch of a tear ;

While her dark locks, and cheek so purely fair,

On the cold bosom of the Cavalier

Rested, and mingled with his silvery hair,

That waved with the light breeze, while round his
head

The peaceful moon a trembling glory shed.

They watched in silence through the live-long night
By the dead warrior, in that lonely cell,
Till through the Gothic window the pale light
Streamed on the face of paler Isabel,
Who from the bosom of the lifeless knight
Uprose, as she had stifled the wild swell
Of her deep grief—gazed on the new-born day,
Kissed the cold brow of death, and wiped her tears
away.

The brief and melancholy meal, which they
In silence took, was ended, and they gave
Their thoughts the last sad offices to pay
To the unconscious relics of the brave ;
And gilded by the eastern sun's first ray,
They by the slender streamlet scooped a grave,
And the dead soldier mournfully entombed
Where alders waved, and water lilies bloomed.

The wood-dove sighed his requiem—and the prayer
And tears of pious love were weeping paid
By Isabel—and a rude croslet there
Was by the youthful monarch carved, and laid
On the low mound, to point to strangers where
A fellow-mortal's last abode was made.
But line or verse there was not, to imply
O'er whom the willows murmured lullaby.

Awhile they dwelt together, that young pair,
In such companionship of stainless love
As the pure spirits of the blessed share
In their celestial intercourse above.
At length the royal lover to the fair
Declared his soul's deep tenderness, and strove,
With passion's wildest eloquence, to gain
Consent with her for ever to remain.

Forsaking hopes of diadem and throne,

He vowed with her in this calm solitude

To dwell—retired, unenvied, and unknown,

Esteeming her his all of earthly good ;

Dead to all others, and for her alone

Living and loving.—But the maid withstood

His ardent pleading—yea, though she repressed

The secret wishes of her own fond breast.

She bade him leave her, and destroy the spell

That bound him to this spot, though on her heart

A pang than death more bitter sternly fell,

As she pronounced, with pale lips, ‘ We must part !

‘ The Lord of England was not born to dwell

‘ In such inglorious softness—Charles ! thou art

‘ A nation’s hope—Awake ! depart ! and be

‘ All that thy faithful friends expect of thee.’

They parted—but it lists not me to tell

Aught of the passionate regrets that broke
From the fond prince, nor perils that befell

Him in his wanderings, nor of that famed oak
In the deep solitudes of Boscobel ;

Or how stout Monk, in after years, the yoke
Of foul rebellion rent, and brought once more
The exiled monarch to his native shore.

But, Oh ! Adversity's sweet use in vain

Was given to him, whose riper years did shame
The promise of the boy.—With his light train

The laughter-loving monarch blithely came,
After long years, to Worcester—and again

He sought those scenes in quest of sylvan game,
Where he had 'scaped the perils that were now
Subjects for mirth and wit's gay overflow.

It chanced as freely he pursued this theme,
In pleasant vein he gained a lonely spot
Which, like the recollection of a dream,
Brought memory of things long since forgot
Fresh on his soul—there was the winding stream
Still murmuring in its course, and there the grot
Where he found shelter in such fearful hour,
And dwelt a then pure guest in Beauty's bower.

He paused, to contemplate in musing mood
The scene around him, and in silence bound,
Gazed, till in tender melancholy flood,
Returned those lovely feelings early drowned
In Folly's maddening vortex.—As he stood
Near that lone grave, he marked another mound ;
And on a simple cross remembered well
Were traced these words—' Here sleepeth Isabel.'

A brief memorial !—How she died, or when,
Her scanty epitaph did not unfold ;
Whether her days were wasted in this glen,
Or late or early closed, it left untold.
And strange it did appear to worldly men,
Their monarch's tears fell fast upon the mould
That wrapt a nameless maid—nor were aware
His first, last, truly loved one slumbered there.

ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

MUSIC'S Spirit ! tell me why
Thou dost sleep so silently,
Caged within a darksome cell,
Organ, viol, flute, or shell,
Till sweet breath or skilful fingers
Rouse the melody that lingers,
Slumbering in thy prison bound ;
And thou dost in tuneful sound,

To a touch thou lovest well,
All thy hidden magic tell,
And the eloquence that lies
In thy wakening ecstasies.

Spirit ! who in every part
Of earth, and air, and waters art,
To my wandering soul declare
How thou dost so deeply share
In each sense of pure delight,
Heard and felt, but hid from sight.
Thou in bush and brake art dwelling,
In the moonlight billow swelling,
With the gay lark sun-ward soaring,
With the nightingale deploring.
Thou o'er summer streams art dying,
And in morning zephyrs sighing ;

Or, in notes of awe and wonder,
Bursting from the clouds in thunder.

I have heard thee in the grove ;
Blest thy voice in words of love ;
Caught thee, when all else was still,
In the mingling sounds that fill,
With soft murmuring notes, the plain,
From the busy insect train.
Felt thee, when the evening breeze
Waved the grass and stirred the trees.
Met thee oft in cloistered piles,
Pealing through Cathedral aisles.
Marked thy hoarser accents gush
In the cataract's wild rush.
Hailed thee, when the distant bells,
Blithely through my native dells,
Rang at eve, and Echo lone
Answered back their last sweet tone.

And thou didst, Enchantress, bring
Long past rapture on thy wing ;
But to know thee, I must be,
Spirit ! borne to Heaven with thee,
Where thou dwell'st eternally.

THE HOME-BOUND SHIP.

THE ship was homeward bound—the thrilling cry
Of ‘ Land ! Our native land ! ’ from tongue to tongue
Had been proclaimed, and hearts were beating high
With Hope’s sweet tumult, as its echo rung ;
And rapture smiled or wept in many an eye,
While in the shrouds aloft the sea-boy sung
Snatches of songs, which bring to those who roam
The thoughts of welcome, and of home, sweet home.

But gallantly before the favouring gales
She moves in all her pride, a pageant fair ;
The breezes wanton in her swelling sails,
And her gay fluttering pennons fan the air ;
While music is on deck, the dance prevails,
And every shape of gladness revels there,
Through the far wasted night ; as with her store
Of Indian wealth the vessel nears the shore.

But, hark ! e'en now with awful change of cheer,
The billows rave, the eddying whirlwinds blow,
And breaks the dismal sound on every ear,
Of crashing contact with dread rocks below,
And the wild shriek of agonizing fear ;
' The ship is sinking,' in deep tones of woe,
Bursts from the lips of all, with piercing cries
For succour, as the roaring waters rise.

And hues of death were seen on every face ;

And signs of terror e'en among the brave ;

And lovers folding in a last embrace

The trembling forms of those they could not save.

Then, for the lowered boats, the frantic race

And desperate struggle, while the ocean wave

Grew level with the deck, and kissed the feet

Of those for whom remained not a retreat.

There was the sob, the sigh, the whispered prayer,

And dismal outcry borne the billows o'er ;

While some absorbed in silent grief were there,

Who breathed no plaint, but gazed upon the shore

With the fixed glances of intense despair,

And thought of those they should behold no more,

With whom was fondly linked each tender tie

That knits life's cords, and makes it hard to die.

That pause of bitter agony is past,

And the still agitated waters glide

O'er the last vestige of the buried mast.

But striving stoutly with the eddying tide,

The greedy billows, and the roaring blast,

In furious and tempestuous wrath allied,

And rising o'er their mingled might is seen

A gallant stripling with undaunted mien.

His widowed mother's hope—the aid and joy

Of orphan sisters—on the treacherous main,

With firm resolve no hardships could destroy,

For them Life's needful comforts to obtain,

Had early ventured this heroic boy,

Deeming all sufferings light and terrors vain,

That frowning Fortune sternly might oppose

To bar the vent'rous path he nobly chose.

And must that glowing heart be whelmed beneath
The raging waters of the restless deep ?
And that fair form, untimely chilled in death,
Unshrouded in its gloomy caverns sleep ?
E'en now with fainting limbs and labouring breath
He strives, while thoughts of those who soon shall
weep
In cureless anguish for his fate, comes o'er
His soul, and nerves his failing arm once more.

His reeling eye grows dim, while from the strand
The fishers cheer him—and intent to save,
The life-boat, launched by her determined band
Of dauntless heroes, dances o'er the wave ;
He sees not, feels not, does not understand
His own deliverance from a watry grave,
Till his fond mother's joyful sobs he hears,
And reads his recent peril in her tears.

ODE TO THE CLOSING YEAR.

OH, why should I attempt to ring
The knell of Time in dismal tone,
Or sadly tune my lyre, to sing
A requiem o'er the year that's gone ?

It has not been to me so bright,
That I should mourn its timely end,
Or sit me down in grief to write
Farewell to a departing friend.

And if 't would tarry now with me,
I should, methinks, be apt to say,
' Pass on ! I've had too much of thee,
' To thank thee for an hour's delay.'

Thy course was marked, dark closing year,
By many a sigh and bitter tear,
By promised joy too long delayed,
By hopes that only bloomed to fade ;
By all that steals the cheek's warm glow,
And wrings the heart with silent woe,
Damps the gay plumes of Fancy's wing,
And nips her blossoms as they spring,
And turns the votive lay of gladness,
E'en in its flow, to strains of sadness,
And shades, with clouds of care and fear,
The promise of another year.

December 12th, 1823.

THE ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN AND INFANT
SON OF JAMES II. FROM WHITEHALL.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

IT was night—but with darkness there came not
repose
To London, that city of splendour and woes ;
Her streets echoed still with alarum and din,
For foes were around her, and tumults within ;
Strange murmurs were mixed with the rush of the blast,
And the sweep of the rain falling heavy and fast.

Ah ! who are the boatmen that vent'rously urge
That tempest-tost skiff o'er the black swollen surge
Of Thames, in his wrath fiercely foaming along,
While his tide flows in currents terrific and strong ?
See how they labour and stretch to the oar,
Midst the gloom of the night and the elements' roar.
Who may they be, who so rashly dare brave
December's rough gales on that perilous wave ?
Mark them !—their freight is no soldier or knight,
Or seaman of hardihood, valour, and might,
Who, through years of emprise, has accustomed his
form
To the blasts of the north, or the tropical storm.
That pale shrouded figure, who sits by the side
Of the steersman, regardless of tempest or tide,
Deeply feels the strange contrast, and change of this
scene,
From her own fair Italia's unclouded serene.

But, oh ! not on this one brief thought does she cast,
Though the winds howl around her, the rain patters fast,
And drenches her garments, and drips from her hair,
For her heart only throbs with a mother's fond care ;
And she but wraps her mantle more tight o'er her breast,
That pillow to guard where her infant finds rest !
That babe and that mother—Oh ! England, they are
Thy fugitive queen and thy monarch's young heir,
Rudely driven from a palace—they deem thee less kind
Than the rage of the waters and tempest combined.
Lo ! death is behind them—new perils before—
Though the oft-baffled shallop at length gains the
shore.

‘ Have we crossed the dread river ? Then mount, and
away.’

‘ Not so, hapless queen, there is farther delay ;
‘ The horses yet tarry, engaged for your flight,
‘ But there's safety as yet in the shadow of night ;

‘ And here mayst thou shelter, oh lady, awhile,
‘ Beneath the dark walls of old Lambeth’s gray pile :
‘ But, oh ! should the prince from his slumbers awake,
‘ One cry might betray you—good heavens ! what a
 stake.’

‘ No ! my heart’s troubled beatings have rocked him
 to sleep,
‘ And he knows not the vigils his mother must keep ;
‘ Unconscious of royalty’s perils and woes,
‘ As sweetly he tastes his unruffled repose,
‘ Midst the dangers, the terrors, the gloom of this hour,
‘ As he did in the cradle of grandeur and power.
‘ The moan of the waters, the winds howling nigh,
‘ To him have been music—a rude lullaby ;
‘ For the elements’ wrath is less cruel and wild
‘ Than those whose fierce hatred pursues us, my
 child.’

She is silent—but still her keen agonies speak
In her lip's quivering motion, her pale tearful cheek,
And the fast streaming eyes, that are raised in deep
prayer,
Or turned on the city in speechless despair ;
She seeks 'midst its lights, that in countless array
Before her in distance confusedly lay,
Her own royal home, whose proud walls yet contain
Her monarch, and sighs for its perils again.
Then starts as she catches at times from the shore,
In the hush of the blast, the vexed multitude's roar ;
And stands, in dread conflict of interest wild,
With her thoughts on her husband, her eyes on her
child :
In that fearful division, weak nature's strong strife,
Which—which shall prevail, the fond mother or wife ?
That choice is not her's—She turns weeping away,
Her consort's strict mandate of flight to obey,

As the low cautious whisper is borne to her ear,
‘ All is ready—delay not—the steeds trample near,’
And that heart’s bitter pangs, which no language could
tell,
Are unbreathed—she but murmurs, ‘ Oh, London,
farewell !’

THE DEATH-BED.

'TWAS the soft season of departed day,
And the light breezes, with their fragrant breath,
Gave double sweetness to the eve of May,
And waved in wanton sport the woodbine wreath
That shaded a low casement, where the ray
Of western glory entering, stole beneath
The blossomed branches, and upon the bed
Of death a bright and trembling brightness shed ;

And gave a touching and unearthly grace
To features that retained much loveliness,
Although imprinted with the withering trace
Of that deep grief no language could express ;
Whose withering touch had early from her face
Stol'n the sweet smiles ; yet you might aptly guess
What they had been, by the angelic air
That, e'en in Life's last struggles, lingered there.

And there was beauty on that faded brow,
Which though her mortal sufferings might impair,
They could not banish, and its tintless snow
Was well contrasted by the raven hair
That fell, in negligent disordered flow,
O'er the pale cheek, so exquisitely fair,
On which one fluttered hectic spot alone
Told that it was not formed of Parian stone.

One white and wasted hand, of faultless mould,
Pillowed her cheek, the other lifelessly
Rested beside her, damp, relaxed, and cold ;
The book of holy writ lay open nigh,
As it had fallen from her powerless hold ;
And the dim glances of her failing eye
Appeared attracted by the sinking sun,
Whose earthly race, like hers, was almost run.

Who would have deemed the form so calm and still,
That in such pulseless languor rested now,
Had trembled with the agitating thrill
Of stern conflicting pangs, and felt the glow
Of vivid hope, and the alternate chill
Of freezing doubts ! and, lastly, learned to know
The certainty of all her wildest fears
Scarce dared to image—woe too great for tears !

She had been one who had too deeply loved
A mortal object, and on that false die,
Like a rash gamester, staked her all, and proved
The blindness, yea, the utter vanity,
Of those too ardent feelings, which had moved
Her to exalt in secret rivalry,
'Gainst heaven itself, the idol who possess'd
The unreserved devotion of her breast.

He failed her, as all worldly trusts will fail
Those whose reliance is so fondly placed
On them, as hers was.—One light envious tale,
Heard from unworthy lips, in sooth effaced
The love of years, as the first wanton gale
Destroys the characters unwisely traced
On treacherous sand, and as its breath sweeps o'er,
They fade before it, and return no more.

The truth came o'er her, like a sudden blow
That crushes into numbness every sense
E'en of its smart, and tears refused to flow,
In the keen agony and pangs intense
That followed this irremediable woe.
Her heart grew cold—and though she tore from
thence
His worshipped image, yet the bitter strife
Sapped the internal principles of life.

From day to day she faded, like some flower,
On which untimely blights are withering shed,
Whose bosom meets the sunbeam and the shower,
Reckless of both.—The charm of life had fled,
She felt, for ever—yet, in that dark hour,
The dayspring from on high had visited
Her long benighted spirit, and the dew
Of peace descended—peace divine and true.

Yea, the dense mists which had obscured her sight
Vanished beneath its influence—and her soul,
In the first dawn of that celestial light,
Beheld the clouds of mortal sorrow roll
For ever from her ; and the stormy might
Of earthly passions, in their vain control,
Bound her no longer, and her closing eyes
Looked through the shades of death to endless ecstasies.

GREEK SONG.

THE FALL OF IPSARA.

THOU hast fallen ! but long shall thy vanquishers be
Pale with awe, when they think of a conquest like thee,
Whose knell like the death-scattering thunderbolt
rolled,

As it burst in its terrors from Freedom's last hold.

That knell, oh Ipsara ! Greece heard not in vain,
When we rose at its summons on mountain and plain,

And our rally for vengeance on land and on wave,
And our rush on the foe, was the answer we gave.

The fame of thy heroes, Ipsara, shall long
Be the theme of our bards in the tale and the song,
When the harp of old Greece is restrung, and her lays
Grow bright, as they flow with the light of our days.

When, in ages to come, they shall proudly recite
The deed that was done on St. Nicolo's height,
They shall hallow its ruins at Liberty's shrine,
And forget old Thermopylæ's glories in thine.

THE ENFRANCHISED ; OR, THE BUTTERFLY'S
FIRST FLIGHT.

THOU hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight.

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
In Summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh opened flowers ;

Or delighted to hover
Around them, to see
Whose charms, airy rover !
Bloom sweetest for thee ;

And fondly exhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest,

And there dost betake thee
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

STANZAS.

ON JUNE.

OH! month of many blossoms! thou dost come
In all thy summer beauty, like a bride
Whose hair is wreathed with roses. The gay hum
Of bees doth greet thee—thou hast well supplied
The busy labourers with a countless sum
Of flowers, expanding now on every side
To thy sweet breath, in garden, mead, and vale,
On mossy bank, wild heath, and wooded dale.

The cuckoo hails thee with her joyous voice ;

And the departing nightingale delays

Her flight to bid thee welcome. I rejoice

To see once more thy long, long sunny days,

And nights of starry splendour—but my choice

Amidst thy many charms bewildered strays,

Delighted and enamoured with them all,

Pausing on each, uncertain where to fall.

Whether upon thy dew-bespangled morn,

Thy bright meridian, or mild evening hours,

When day's last tints so gloriously adorn

The glowing west—thy ever balmy showers,

The breeze that wantons in thy blossomed corn,

Or softly sighs amidst thy woodbine bowers,

Kisses the crystal streams and meadows gay,

And steals fresh fragrance from the new-mown hay.

Fair June ! thy gifts are so profusely spread,
That busy Fancy is uncertain how
And where to rest—the very ground we tread
Is rich with treasures—I have turned me now
To cull the strawberry from its lowly bed,
Yet am no less attracted by the bough
On which, bright blushing through the foliage green,
The tempting cherries red and ripe are seen.

Thou art the loveliest daughter of the year,
And of thy sister months there is not one
(Though all in turn are fair) that may appear
So beautiful as thou.—The hasting sun
Doth speed too swiftly on in his career,
And brings thee to a close ; soon will be done
Thy days, delightful June, and we shall sigh
O'er thy short reign and pleasing memory.

Reydon, June 26th, 1827.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF CALLAO.

ALONG the vast Pacific day's last smile
Reflected many a bay and verdant isle,
And spicy grove that from its rocky steep
Stretched its luxuriant branches o'er the deep,
And softly shadowed in the waters blue,
In mirror'd landscapes met the downward view ;
The billows, sleeping on the ocean's breast,
Forgot to murmur in their placid rest ;

The languid breeze was lulled on vale and hill,
And every leaf lay motionless and still ;
The flowers, from blossomed boughs to lowly beds,
Had closed their bells and hung their beauteous heads ;
And Nature, plunged in lethargy profound,
Seemed as when in primeval slumbers bound,
Ere o'er her silent bosom void and vast
The quickening spirit of creation past.
The lonely watcher on the flagstaff's height
With musing eye surveyed the lovely sight,
When the departing sun shed glory down
On tranquil ocean, convent, tower, and town ;
And then his task resuming, half unfurl'd
Spain's haughty standard to the watery world ;
But ere the dull and languid air could raise
One drooping fold, his desultory gaze
Returns where, in the splendour of Peru,
A moment back the town had met his view,

With domes, and palaces, and walls of might,
Reposing in a flood of rosy light.
But like the fading of a meteor's beam,
Or the delusive pageant of a dream,
'Tis gone ! and ere mute Wonder can demand
The how ? or when ? or Reason understand
The awful change—the reeling mountains swim
Before his dizzy sight, confused and dim ;
Dense clouds obscure the sunset—and that sound
Which bursts from the cavernous depths profound
Of earth's rent bosom, with terrific roar,
Tells the appalling tale from shore to shore.
Mixed with the sullen echoes of the bells,
Tolling from crashing towers their own deep knells ;
And, oh ! in that last dismal clangour rings
The fearful dirge-note of all living things.
Within that fated town, united there
In one dread gulph of ruin and despair,

The grave hath oped its jaws, and young and old,
And high and low, in its insatiate fold
Are mingling crushed.—The hopes and cares of life,
Its busy projects and its restless strife,
And all its social joys, with them are o'er,
And they have left no mourner to deplore
Their general doom, save that unhappy one
Who, of its breathing thousands, was alone
Spectator of that town's sad overthrow ;
The only victim conscious of his woe,
Preserved by cruel miracle of Fate,
To see his native land made desolate,
And all he ever loved, on that dread day,
Pass like a drama's shifting scene away,
And his whole race in one tremendous doom
Involved, and hurried living to the tomb.

Heartstruck, he drops from his relaxing hands
The useless ensign—and bewildered stands,

With glazing eyeballs and with stiffened neck,
A living statue gazing on the wreck .
Of all his joys—nor now discerns the spot
Where once arose in peace his humble cot,
Endeared by every tender spell that lies
In home's sweet bound, and love's delightful ties ;
But wife and children, happiness and home,
For him exist no longer—he must roam
Through the wide world in utter loneliness,
Without one friend to sooth, one hope to bless.
All, all are strangers now—there is no face
To him familiar of the human race ;
Nor aught remains to charm, to cheer, or throw
A ray of interest on his path of woe. .

Yet months shall pass, and spring restore again
The flowers and blighted verdure of the plain ;
Another town in time's due course shall rise,
And prouder structures greet the morning skies ;

Long silent echoes shall again rejoice
To hear gay childhood's shout and silvery voice ;
The smiling bridegroom and the flower-crowned bride
Shall tread new streets adorned in nuptial pride ;
Arts bloom afresh, and commerce bring once more
The flush of wealth and plenty to the shore ;
And busy population, far and wide
Extend an eager and increasing tide.
But *he*, lone relic of a vanished race,
Shall flee like troubled spirit from the place,
To pore in cureless anguish on the flood
That flows where once the town in splendour stood,
And rolls its sullen, melancholy waves
O'er his last home, and his loved kindred's graves.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the lengthening twilight hours,
By the chill and frequent showers,
By the flow'rets pale and faded,
By the leaves with russet shaded,
By the grey and clouded morn,
By the drooping ears of corn,
Ripened now, and earthward tending,
As man when full of years is bending

Towards his kindred dust, where he
Lowly soon shall withering be ;
By the silence of each grove
Vocal late with notes of love,
By the meadows overspread
With the spider's wavy thread,
By the soft and shadowy sky,
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath,
Summer ! we perceive thy death.
Summer ! all thy charms are past !
Summer ! thou art waning fast !
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow reposes ;
Day by day more feebly shining,
Sees thy glorious beams declining,
Though thy wan and sickly smile
Faintly lingers yet awhile.

Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song ;
And on every lonely height
Swallows gather for their flight.
Streams, that in their sparkling course
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse ;
While the gale's inconstant tone,
Sweeping through the vallies lone,
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
Requiems for sweet Summer's death.

THE REVERSE.

A SKETCH IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE was a mingling and appalling sound
Of death-bells tolling, and the deep and loud
Roll of the muffled drum, whose notes profound
Were heard above the clamours of the crowd,
Pouring in stormy rushings to surround
That fatal scaffold, whereupon had bowed,
Day after day, the noblest of the land,
Beneath the insatiate headsman's bloody hand ;

And one this morn must die, who had been late
His country's darling, and had worn the wreath
Of frequent conquest. Honours, wealth, and state,
Were all his own, till they, whose fickle breath
Had loudest hailed him, now with causeless hate
And headlong fury, clamoured for his death ;
Yea, and pursued him with relentless gloom
And base revilings, to the block and tomb.

And in this dread reverse 'twas his to prove
The keenest pang which changing Fortune can
Inflict on those she flies from—the remove
Of every former friend ! His vassals ran
To greet another lord ; his high-born love
In that dark hour forsook him for the man
Whose arts had work'd his downfall, and who now
Rose o'er his ruins with exulting brow.

And through the measured pauses of the bell,
Which gloomily proclaimed that his career
Had reached its close, he heard the joyous swell
Of their gay bridal peal, which smote his ear
In sounds more dismal even than his knell,
Or deep notes of the death-march rolling near ;
These were by him unheeded, though each tone
Told awfully of numbered moments gone.

But he, abandoned, injured, and betray'd
By all his soul reposed on, sternly turned
From the base crowd, disdaining to upbraid,
Though with indignant hues his proud cheek burned—
And none did weep his fall, save a pale maid,
Whose love he had in hours of grandeur spurned,
And held as little worth, since partial Fate
Had cast her lot in Fortune's low estate.

And coldly he had trampled that meek flower,
Who would have clung more closely to his side
In the eclipse of honours, wealth, and power,
Than in the lofty zenith of his pride.
Aye, and had shared the terrors of that hour,
From which had fled friends, vassals, plighted bride,
And all, save her whose streaming eyes grew dim
With the wild fixture of their gaze on him.

Such was his bitter thought—when thought was vain,
And life itself was like a vision past,
With all its busy agitating train
Of hopes and fears ; yet did he turn to cast
On her a long and lingering look again—
It was a look of love ! his first and last,
Bent on that tearful maid, to whom its light
Came like a sunbeam through eternal night.

She saw his death—but as she'd seen it not—

With folded hands and lifted eyes she stood
Still gazing fixedly on that dread spot,

Stained with his fall and streaming with his blood ;
Her grief, though all-absorbing, seemed forgot

In the deep apathy that marked her mood.
'Twas silence all—She neither wept nor sighed,
But, calm as infants sink to slumber, died.

THE ROMAN TRIUMPH.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THERE was a triumph in imperial Rome,
Decreed Ostorius' legions marching home
From recent conquests won in Britain's Isle,
Where victory, with her bright and favouring smile,
Had graced their eagles, on that fatal plain
Where Freedom's last defender fought in vain ;
Now crowned with laurels, they return to claim
Their country's praises and immortal fame.

But first with lances in the dust depress'd,
And cypress sadly mingled with each crest ;
With pious care a mournful train sustain,
In funeral urns, the ashes of the slain ;
Who though they died amidst the shock of foes,
In hostile lands, shall peacefully repose,
With all the honours of the fallen brave,
Near the soft sound of Tyber's sacred wave.
Throughout the city joyful shouts resound,
The gates are garlanded, the columns bound
With victor laurels, while from lovely hands
Sweet flowers are showered upon the martial bands,
As in glad pomp the proud processions march
Through many a fair arcade and trophied arch ;
While the inspiring trumpets echo loud
The notes of triumph, and the exulting crowd
Hail with impetuous rapture their return ;
And tender eyes o'erflow, and fond hearts burn,

As parents, wives, and friends, and children come,
With eager haste, to speak their welcome home ;
While others in their envied progress prove
Beauty's applause and timid looks of love.
'Tis transport all—there is a joy for each,
In smile, or glance, or gratulating speech,
As each beholds once more some kindred tie,
Long lost to sight, but dear to memory.

But, oh ! what contrast to the wild despair
That guarded train of mournful captives share ;
The theme of wonder and the mark of scorn ;
Slowly they come, dejected and forlorn,
Aliens and exiles from their native land,
A weary, woeful, melancholy band,
Torn by oppressors from their much loved home,
To form a pageant for insulting Rome.

Lo ! there the weeping widow of the brave
Clasps to her breaking heart an infant slave ;
And there the gray-haired hero, bowed with years,
Drops on his galling chain indignant tears ;
There frightened children, who lament aloud,
And gaze in terror on the hostile crowd,
Followed by many a pale and tearful maid,
And frantic lovers who the gods upbraid ;
And there the white-robed Druid lifts his hand,
And heaps prophetic curses on the land.

But who is he, majestic and alone,
Who in his country's fall forgets his own !
Unbent by fortune, calm amidst his woes,
The last proud conquest of a host of foes !
Not e'en that pang can his stern firmness move,
When each dear tie of kindred and of love,
Long parted from him, he beholds again,
Sad and dishonoured with the captive train ;

And led in servile chains, a public show,
To swell the victor's triumph with their woe.
A king's, a husband's, and a father's grief,
Shake not the firmness of the patriot chief ;
Sublime he rises o'er the shocks of Fate,
In that dark hour unconquerably great,
Amidst the gaze of haughty Rome, the same
As when her legions trembled at his name ;
Awed by his glance the gathering crowd retire,
And, though in fetters, dread him and admire.
E'en the world's master, on the Roman throne,
Felt a slave's majesty eclipse his own ;
And blushed, when he beheld a servile chain
That god-like form dishonour and profane.
The lofty feelings of a generous foe
Rose in his altered soul—the tender glow
Of gracious pity to his bosom crept,
And the imperial Claudius turned and wept !

Swift at his sign, with generous interest strong,
The Romans hastened to redress their wrong,
And from base bands released a hero's frame !
But who that hero ? whose illustrious name,
Dear to the valiant—honoured by the free—
Is most of all, oh Britain, prized by thee !
Need I declare—Caractacus was he !

TO THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

SPIRIT ! who to shrouded eyes
Bringest such wild fantasies
As no waking glances yet,
In this work-day world, have met ;
Thou, who o'er the mind and brain,
With thy bright ideal train,
Wrapt in slumber's mantle stealest,
And such wond'rous power revealest,

That Earth's proudest children still
Are the puppets of thy will,
In the moment when each sense
Bows to thine omnipotence.

In thy mystic dramas we
Must perforce the actors be,
And submit to every change,
Be it ne'er so wild and strange.
Taking at thy will the shape
Of owlet, kitten, bat, or ape.
Mightiest monarchs, in the hour
Of thy *more* despotic power,
Lay aside their regal state
For a wandering beggar's fate ;
Whilst the landless wight in thee
Grasps imperial dignity.
Through the fen, the flood, the fire,
We must go at thy desire,

Over desert, rock, and mountain,
Treach'rous sands and frozen fountain,
Deep in gloomy caves of ocean,
Where the waves with restless motion
Howl above with ceaseless roar,
From bleak Norway's stormy shore ;
For we passively obey
Thy unknown mysterious sway.

Oft thou dost to lovers bring
All the trembling hopes that spring
In the bosom's sealed recess,
Nurst in tearful tenderness ;
Which they, waking, dare not own,
And confess to thee alone.
Thou, to eyes that weep in vain,
Bring'st the loved and lost again,
In angelic looks revealing
All the warmth of earthly feeling,

Lingering in the radiant breast
Of the purified and blest ;
But thou dost with visions drear
Shake the murderer's couch with fear ;
Who indeed could aptest tell
All the terrors of thy spell,
Which doth far too dreadful seem
For thy coinage, Airy dream !

Spirit, who, in gay confusion,
Through the regions of illusion
Lead'st in brilliant flights the mind,
By dull Reason unconfined ;
Who, poor, grave, reflective elf,
Loves not sparklers like thyself,
But presumes not e'er to throw
Chills on thy poetic flow ;
For the scene which thou dost grace,
Is for her no time or place.

When through fairy land thou rangest,
And as wind unfettered changest,
With the flash of Fancy's wing,
To some wild fantastic thing
Yet unthought-of, but all-glowing
With magic lights of thine own throwing,
Which in hues divine and bright,
After thou hast ta'en thy flight,
Long and lovely leave behind
Shades of glory on the mind.

THE LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

FROM Britain's Isle in olden time,
By the strong power of truth sublime,
The Pagan rites were banished ;
And spite of Greek and Roman lore,
Each god and goddess famed of yore,
From grove and altar vanished.

For they, as sure became them best,
To Austin and Paulinus' 'hest,
Respectfully submitted,

And left the land without delay,
Save Cupid, who still held a sway,
Too strong to passively obey,
Or be by saints outwitted.

For well the boy-god knew that he
Was far too potent e'er to be
Deposed and exiled quietly,
From his beloved dominion ;
And sturdily the urchin swore
He ne'er, to leave the British shore,
Would move a single pinion.

The saints at this were sadly vexed,
And much their holy brains perplexed
To bring the boy to reason ;
And when they found him bent to stay,
They built up convent-walls straightway,
And put poor Love in prison.

But Cupid, though a captive made,
Soon met within a convent shade
New subjects in profusion ;
Albeit he found his Pagan name
Was heard by pious maid and dame,
With horror and confusion.

For all were there demure and coy,
And deemed a rebel heathen boy
A most unsaintly creature.
But Cupid found a way with ease
His slyest votaries' tastes to please,
And yet not change a feature.

For by his brightest dart the elf
Affirmed he 'd turn a saint himself,
To make their scruples lighter.

So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,
His wreathed locks, and playful wiles,
Beneath a bishop's mitre.

Then Christians reared the boy a shrine,
And youths invoked Saint Valentine
To bless their annual passion ;
And maidens still his name revere,
And, smiling, hail his day each year,
A day to village lovers dear,
Though saints are out of fashion.

THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET is that hour, whose twilight shade has given
A milder radiance to the arch of heaven,
When, raised above the world, the lifted eye
Rests on the blending glories of the sky,
As the last brightness of departing day,
In mellow splendour, softly fades away ;
And glittering in the dew, each tree and flower
Breathe of the balmy freshness of the hour ;

And the faint breezes from the distant hill
Sigh through the grove, and die along the rill.
Who hath not proved the sweet enchanting power,
The magic influence of the evening hour?
Who hath not felt each gloomy thought give way,
Soothed by the scene and charmed beneath its sway?
Till holy feelings lull with soft control
The strife and anguish of the troubled soul;
Mild resignation in its depth appears,
And peace—and heaven itself descend in tears.

OH THOUGHTS OF HIGH AND TENDER
MELANCHOLY.

OH ! thoughts of high and tender melancholy,
That steal with holy softness o'er the soul ;
Who would exchange, for the vain noise of folly,
Your soothing influence and divine control ?

The world's delusive colours fade before ye,
When the afflicted breast admits your sway ;
Oh ! come with all your solemn sweetness o'er me,
And chase the gloom of earthly cares away.

What though ye wear the pensive veil of sadness,
And bid us weep o'er idly wasted years,
'Tis yours to calm the tumult and the madness
Of feverish hopes and agonizing fears.

Pure from the base alloy of earthward feeling,
Ye point the frailty of all human bliss ;
To breaking hearts and tearful eyes revealing
A world more worthy of our love than this.

THE BIVOUAC.

O'ER many, who would never hail again

His glorious rising, sunk the evening sun ;

And misty Twilight on the battle plain

In tears descended, robed in shadows dun ;

Like pensive mourner weeping o'er the slain,

She came—the thunders of each deep-mouthed gun

And clash of weapons died, as o'er the field

Her peaceful veil in pity she revealed.

The bloody business of the fierce affray

Had closed—but, oh ! 'twas only for the space
Of one short night ! How brief was the delay !

And yet how wondrously it did efface
The rage of those who had that dreadful day

Met there as foes so deadly ; Sleep's embrace
Had locked the rival squadrons in repose,
And sweet oblivion of fatigue and woes.

They sank to slumber on the dewy ground

They lately had contested—while afar,
Through clouds, like hostile towers that sternly frown'd,

Gleamed in the wat'ry west the evening star,
Marked by that weary band who, duty-bound,

Must keep that night the vigils of the war,
With eyes that could in very sadness weep,
To share their happier comrades' envied sleep.

Reared in the lap of softness, and perchance
New to the Bivouac, some stripling may
Lean drowsily upon his heavy lance,
And almost wish to rest like those who lay
Stretched in their last long slumber ; but a trance
Of tender thoughts comes o'er him—thoughts that
 stray
Back to his dear home circle distant far,
And held more precious midst the woes of war.

And shall he ever gaze on these again,
And hear that thrilling welcome, which doth seem
So doubly sweet, when that beloved train
Greets a long absent soldier.—Oh, that theme
Has filled his eyes with tears—for on this plain,
Already drenched with slaughter's sanguine stream,
He may before the morrow's sun is high
Rest with the slain, cold and unconsciously.

But there are some whose hearts of loftier tone
Are warm with love of glory, and beat high
With warlike ardour—terror is unknown,
And fear unfelt by these ; and if they sigh,
'Tis with a fierce impatience, that alone
And idly thus they stand, while Victory
Doth beckon them to rush upon the foe,
And win bright laurels from the ranks below.

How mournful were the task to contemplate
The slain, the wounded, and the living mass
Of men on either side, whom the dire fate
Of war has sternly mingled here, alas !—
Could Truth inspire, and Poesy relate,
But one brief sketch of each, from the high class
Of those with sash, and plume, and 'broidered vest,
To the rough soldier with his scar-seamed breast ;

What tales of touching interest might I then
From dark Oblivion rescue and unfold ;
What strange memorials of unnoticed men,
The wild, the wise, the wondrous, and the bold,
Who now must sleep forgotten in this glen,
Unconscious tenants of the senseless mould,
That pillows now alike the fallen brave,
The lofty hero, and the crouching slave.

But bright eyes will be streaming in despair,
And fond hearts breaking for them—though no wife,
Nor child, nor mother, comes with pious care
To seek, amidst the relics of the strife,
Some tenderly beloved one, yet there are
Many who, could they see this waste of life,
Would in the wildness of their agony
Sink by them on the bloody turf and die.

Yet full as sweetly as in peaceful hours

The nightingale pours forth from brake and bough
Her vesper strains—and still the wilder flowers

Are softly waving, though they mingle now
With ringlets, (stained with blood and wet with
showers,)

That lately added grace to many a brow
Of lofty beauty, which dishonoured lies
Low in the dust, thence never more to rise.

PHILLIS AND THE PAINTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI
GHERARDO DE ROSSI.

‘ Pingimi un Amorino.’

‘ THOU ! whose art I most approve,

‘ Skilful Painter ! paint me Love :’

Phillis to Apelles cries.—

‘ How should I ?’ he straight replies.

Much surprised at this, the maid

Turned about, and quickly said,

‘ If, indeed, thou dost not know,

‘ List, and I will tell thee how.

- ‘ Paint a boy with angel face,
‘ Full of charms, and full of grace,
‘ In whose every look shall shine
‘ Tenderness and truth divine.
- ‘ O’er those eyes no fillet bind,
‘ For I know he was not blind
‘ On that day when first his dart
‘ Through their glances reached my heart.
- ‘ Let his lips divinely smile,
‘ Make him lord of each soft wile,
‘ Parent of each pleasing joy ;
‘ Thus, oh ! thus depict the boy.
- ‘ Heardst thou not ?—Begin thy task ;
‘ When ’tis finished, come and ask
‘ Large rewards, and thou shalt have
‘ All thine eager wish can crave.’

Phillis ceased—and he again
 Answered, ‘ Simple maid ! in vain
 ‘ Thou wouldst tax, with guileless heart,
 ‘ All the magic of my art.

‘ Ere I seek to picture Love,
 ‘ Wait awhile, fair maid, and prove,
 ‘ If I may indeed portray
 ‘ All the charms he wears to-day.

‘ Phillis, these enchantments bright,
 ‘ All are brief and swift of flight ;
 ‘ Even now a dark alloy
 ‘ Mingles in thy cup of joy.

‘ Pause a trifling space, and see
 ‘ If Love remain unchanged to thee ;
 ‘ If he should—return ! and I
 ‘ Will freely give what thou wouldst buy.’

Joyful went fair Phillis home,
Sure again with joy to come,
And the promised semblance claim,
Of Love still smiling, still the same.

But the sad reverse, alas !
Vain illusions ! how ye pass !
Hope's enchantments, bright and fair,
All dissolve in empty air.

Love, the maid has learned to know,
As her fierce and cruel foe ;
Charms and smiles have vanished all,
And his sweets have turned to gall.

‘ Ah !’ the experienced Painter said,
‘ How your brilliant colours fade ;
‘ See, how Love betrays the truth
‘ Of ardent and confiding youth.’

THE MASSACRE OF THE NUNS AT PARIS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

It was the reign of terror—Paris rang
Through all her stormy streets with sounds of woe,
And wrath, and horror ; there was ceaseless clang
Of arms, and eager rushing to and fro
Of murderous bands, who in dread descant sang
The wild Marsellois chant, not deep and low,
As erst it rose, but thundered as the proud
Enfuriate chorus of a lawless crowd.

And there were shrieks of agony from some,
Mixt with the multitude's discordant yells ;
And distant notes of the alarum drum,
And joyless pealing of unhallowed bells,
And the suppressed and melancholy hum,
‘ New victims are at hand.’—The death-march tells
Their near approach ; and those who would remain
Secure, from signs of pity must refrain.

And hard the task to many, for there were
Bright forms in that devoted company
Of consecrated maidens, young and fair,
Whose loveliness attracted every eye :
Yet had by ruffian hands been rudely there
Dragged from their convent's peaceful shades, to die
Amidst the brutal rabble's jests profane,
To whom their innocence appealed in vain.

But yet there was no trait of female fear ;
What time they passed those murderous ranks
between,

Unveiled they passed, and not a single tear
Or sign of grief amidst that train was seen.
E'en when the fatal guillotine was near,

Their looks were still unruffled and serene,
And radiant with the bright expression given
By faith and high aspirings after heaven.

There did their hopes in perfect trust repose ;
And they repined not that the path should be
Stormy and short, that led them to the close

Of this dark pilgrimage of misery ;
And in sweet unison divinely rose

Their voices, ' Father, we return to thee !
' Ours is the glorious crown of martyrdom !
' Oh ! Holy Spirit, come ! Creator, come ! '

The heavenly strains continued even when
They mounted the dread scaffold's fatal stair,
In sounds more wildly thrilling ; and they then
Gave such unearthly sweetness to the air,
As to the wondering ears of guilty men
Seemed like a farewell to all mortal care,
Or holy hymnings of celestial love,
In which glad seraphs joined them from above.

Oh, yet it ceased not—though the work of death
Commenced on that fair choir, and one by one
They bowed their necks the bloody axe beneath,
And faint and fainter grew the anthem's tone ;
Till one angelic voice, with tuneful breath,
Sustained the sacred melody alone—
' Ours is the glorious crown of martyrdom !
' Oh ! Holy Spirit, come ! Creator, come !'

And, Oh ! the closing cadence that she sung

Was such, that those who heard it, said, that never
Had such wild music flowed from Woman's tongue.

Nor paused she, till the axe was raised to sever
Her guiltless head—and the stern echo rung

Of the dread stroke that hushed her strains for ever.
And her pure soul dismissed, in heaven to meet
Angels of grace, who only sing more sweet.

THE EXILED LOVER.

A BALLAD.

‘ FAREWELL ! farewell ! my Ellen dear,
‘ The north wind swells my sail ;
‘ Oh, vain that sweet imploring tear,
‘ For I must trust the gale.

‘ A fallen sovereign’s follower, I
‘ His desperate fortunes share ;
‘ And his last hopes all heavily
‘ Are withered in despair.

‘ But, shall I ask thee to partake

‘ My wandering, weary life !

‘ Oh ! never shalt thou, for my sake,

‘ Become an outlaw’s wife.’

‘ Nay, trust me, Clifford, shared with thee,

‘ E’en death itself were light ;

‘ And, oh ! what fate were hard to me

‘ If I partook thy flight ?

‘ For what are riches, power, and pride,

‘ Unless enjoyed with thee ?

‘ The meanest dwelling, by thy side,

‘ Were more than thrones to me.

‘ And what is exile ?—any home,

‘ If shared with thee, must sure be blest ;

‘ And wandering, if with thee I roam,

‘ I shall not ask for rest.’

‘ And think’st thou, Ellen, I could brook
‘ That thou such life should’st know ?
‘ That I could on the sufferings look
‘ Which thou must undergo ?

‘ To take thee from thy lineal towers,
‘ Thy coronet of pride—
‘ Thou wilt have neither land nor bowers,
‘ When thou art Clifford’s bride.

‘ And thou must leave thy peaceful home,
‘ And cross the stormy main :
‘ And long and sadly we may roam,
‘ Ere we come back again.’

‘ Ah ! Clifford, what are halls, and towers,
‘ And coronets, to me ?
‘ Far happier if with wilder flowers
‘ My hair were wreath’d by thee.

‘ And if, my love, when thou art nigh,
 ‘ The gathering tempest grows,
‘ ’Tis but a ruder lullaby
 ‘ To rock us to repose.’

The moon has sunk, and rough the night,
 Wild, wild the breakers roar ;
Young Clifford and the lady bright
 Have left their native shore.

The wind was loud, the storm grew dark,
 Its voice in thunder spoke ;
And fearfully against the bark
 The raging billows broke.

Amidst the tempest’s angry might
 Fair Ellen stood unmoved ;
Or if her bosom owned affright,
 It was for him she loved.

And, ' Oh ! ' she sighed, ' more sweet to me
 ' Thy wayward fate to share,
' Than if possessed of all but thee
 ' In yonder castle fair.'

' Heaven's blessing on my gentle love !
 ' One only grief is mine ;
' That every danger I shall prove,
 ' My Ellen, must be thine.

' And thou who, like some tender flower,
 ' But bloomed in softened air,
' How wilt thou brook the stormy hour
 ' Of terror and despair ?'

' Oh ! dearer to my heart this hour
 ' Of peril and dismay,
' Than if in pride of pomp and power
 ' I shared a monarch's sway.'

And sweeter then to Clifford's soul
Those tender accents fell,
Than e'en the first fond sighs she stole,
Her secret love to tell.

But now more dread the tempest's might,
More loud the wild wind's sweep ;
And few could gaze without affright,
Upon the raging deep.

The sails were rent, and fearfully
The foundering bark was tost ;
And all with one despairing cry,
Exclaimed, ' The ship is lost !'

And many a manly cheek grew pale,
That mocked at death before ;
They shuddered at the dismal gale,
Who braved the cannon's roar.

'Tis awful, in the stormy wave,
To die at dead of night !
To sink into the yawning grave,
That opens to the sight !

Midst deepest horror, darkest gloom,
And roaring waters drear,
To perish, where your mournful doom
No pitying friend can hear.

The signals of distress are fired,
They fear it is in vain ;
More dismal, as their sound expired,
Was heard the raging main.

They toil, they pray—and heavily
That gloomy night has past ;
And now with rapture they descry
The wished-for land at last.

The vessel gains the Gallic shore,
Before the fresh breeze driven ;
They dread the tempest's wrath no more,
But breathe their thanks to heaven.

Long years have fled, and England's woes
Have past like storms away ;
The maidens twine each rival rose
In festal chaplets gay.

No emblems now of hate and death,
Those adverse blossoms meet ;
They're blended in one peaceful wreath,
In union calm and sweet.

Oppressed no more by grief and care,
Their wayward fortunes past ;
Brave Clifford and his Ellen fair
In pleasure dwell at last.

In Henry's army none was seen
More valiant than the knight ;
And none was honoured by his queen
So much as Ellen bright.

Yet wished not they their days to waste
In grandeur's heartless round,
But sought those purer joys to taste,
In virtue only found.

And soon around the happy pair
A lovely offspring grew ;
Like gentle Ellen, sweet and fair,
Like Clifford, brave and true.

SONNETS.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

THE waves of Time in sure but silent tide
Are flowing onward in their swift career,
Bringing Eternity each hour more near ;
And we with careless glance behold them glide
From us for ever.—And with thoughts allied
To mirth or madness, hail another year,
Born, like its elder brethren, to appear,
Then dream-like to Oblivion's caverns slide,
Vain and forgotten, as it ne'er had been ;
Or heeded only in its flight by those
To whom its joyless course, however brief,
Is marked by torturing cares and ceaseless woes ;
Unlike the bright perspective youth has seen,
Which gilds Life's ills with hope, and smiles at grief.

January, 1824.

ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

ANOTHER year is closing—shall we cast
No moral glances on its rapid flight ?
Are all its vanished days, or dark or bright,
Already lost in dim Oblivion's waste ?
Her cloudy veil, e'en now descending fast,
Hides with a mist invidious from the sight
All, save the checkered beams which Memory's light
Pours on the rainbow shadows of the past ;
Where smiles and tears, whatever was their source,
And joy, and care, alternate hope and fear,
Melting and blending in their mingled course,
Gleam through the vistas of the closing year
In varying colours, like the hues that rise
From showers and sunshine in the evening skies.

THE BRIDE.

A HOLY softness glistened in her eyes,
As bright in tearful smiles the new-made bride
Surveyed the wedded lover by her side,
Now linked to her for ever, with the ties
Of Heaven's own blest cementing ; and with sighs
That breathed of speechless fondness, she replied
To his enraptured words, and strove to hide
Those sweet effusions, which at times would rise
To dim her radiant glances, like the dews
Which fall on summer mornings, and bespoke
Her heart's o'erflowing transport—while the hues
Of Love's celestial painting softly broke
O'er her fair cheek, and added blushing grace
To each divine expression of her face.

THE INFANT.

I SAW an infant—health, and joy, and light
Bloomed on its cheek, and sparkled in its eye ;
And its fond mother stood delighted by,
To see its morn of being dawn so bright.
Again I saw it, when the withering blight
Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie
On that sad mother's breast—stern Death was nigh,
And Life's young wings were fluttering for their flight.
Last I beheld it stretched upon the bier,
Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,
Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,
Which on its placid cheek unheeded lay ;
But on its lip the unearthly smile express'd,
' Oh ! happy child ! untried and early blest !'

THE MANIAC.

SWEET summer flowers were braided in her hair,
As if in mockery of the burning brow
Round which they drooped and withered—singing now
Strains of wild mirth, and now of vain despair,
Came the poor wreck of all that once was fair,
And rich in high endowments, ere deep woe
Like a dark cloud come o'er her, and laid low
Reason's proud fane, and left no brightness there.
Yet you might deem *that grief* was with the rest
Of all her cares forgotten, save when songs
And tales she heard of faithful love unblest,
Of man's deceit, and trusting maidens' wrongs.
Then, and *then only*, in her lifted eyes,
Remembrance beamed, and tears would slowly rise.

THE VISION.

SHE rose before him, in the loveliness
And light of days long vanished, but her air
Was marked with tender sadness, as if Care
Had left his traces written, though distress
Was felt no longer.—Through her shadowy dress,
And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair,
Trembled the silvery moon-beams, as she there
Stood, 'midst their weeping glory, motionless,
And pale as marble statue on a tomb.
But there were traits more heavenly in her face,
Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom
Which his false love had blighted—and she now
Came like some angel messenger of grace,
And looked forgiveness of his broken vow.

TO GREECE.

THE maids, who wreathed the laurel crowns for those
Who fought at Marathon, did never twine
Garlands, oh Greece ! for nobler sons of thine,
Than these the champions of thy tears and woes.
Nor History, in her ample volume, shows
More glorious tales, since Fame did first consign
To her the pen of Time, and task divine
To rescue, from the dusky stream that flows
Down to Oblivion, each illustrious name
And fair achievement, than her present page
Shall now disclose, when she shall proudly write,
In deathless characters, the deeds and fame
Of Grecian heroes, who on this dark age
Have cast the brightness of immortal light.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF VITTORIA
COLONNA, MARCHESANA DI PESCARA.

‘ O ! che tranquillo mar, che placid’ onde.’

ON the calm billows of that tranquil sea,
A gallant bark with swelling sails was seen,
Freighted with treasures, moving proud and free,
With favouring breezes and with skies serene.
But soon thick clouds obscured the heavenly ray,
With fearful gloom the awful tempest rose ;
And none, who saw the dawning of that day,
Foretold how dark would be the evening’s close.
So did my stars on me their aspects change,
By adverse winds o’er waves of sorrow driven,
Oppressed by cruel fates and fortunes strange,
Lorn, reft, and stricken by the shafts of heaven,
Gathering around me, threatening storms appear,
But still my soul beholds her polestar near.

TRANSLATION OF BERNARDO TASSO'S SONNET TO
THE MOON.

‘ Deh ! sgombra co’ tuoi rai chiari e gelati.’

AH ! scatter with thy radiance cold and bright,
The dusky clouds that veil the earth and main,
Now Night on her accustomed rounds again,
In sable stole and starry mantle dight,
Returns to shut the landscape from our sight.
Already each green hill and flowery plain
Demand thy lovely beams, and sigh in vain
For dews descending from thy locks of light.
Look forth in all thy beauty, and array
The earth in trembling glory—rise, and chase
Each envious vapour, and unveil thy face,
In rival splendour, to the orb of day.
Hear then, oh Moon ! shine forth revealed and fair,
In thy bright wanderings through the fields of air.

TRANSLATION OF CARDINAL BEMBO'S SONNET.

' Se gia ne' l' eta piu verde e calda.'

IF in the summer season of my days
My ardent passions, scorning all control,
Forsook a thousand times thy holy ways;
And e'en thy own fair gifts the rebel soul
Against thee dared presumptuously to raise !
Now that hoar winter with unsparing might
Turns my thinned locks to snow, and chills my frame,
Father ! 'tis given me, through faith's pure light,
To hear thy precepts and adore thy name.
Remember not the errors of my youth,
Since the past time no sorrow can regain.
Preserve the future from each earthly stain,
And fill my bosom with thy sacred truth,
Nor let the trembling sinner hope in vain.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCA'S SONNET.

‘Quanto piu m’ avvicino al giorno estremo.’

THE nearer I approach that final day
Which brings our mortal sorrows to a close,
More clearly I perceive how swiftly flows
The tide of time, and human hopes decay,
And to myself in musing thoughts I say :
Now all my earthly ills, my love and woes,
From my freed soul shall pass, as fallen snows
Melt in the sunbeam from the hills away ;
And every fruitless wish shall fly with life,
Which I so long and rashly have pursued.
Nor smiles, nor tears, nor cares, nor worldly strife,
Shall on my sweet and perfect peace intrude ;
And I by clearer lights shall see more plain
For what fallacious joys we sigh in vain.

TRANSLATION OF POPE URBAN'S SONNET.

‘ In se torna talhor’ alla splendore.’

WHEN to thy splendour, Reason's feeble rays,
I wondering turn, my awe-struck soul repents
Its frequent failings, and in tears laments
The long-continued errors of its ways.
Ah! why so often is my stedfast gaze
Obscured with gloomy thoughts and vain desires?
And in my bosom the all-evil fires
Destroy each better purpose of my days.
Life flies meantime to its appointed end,
While lost in doubt I tremble and despair.
Oh! King of Heaven! in mercy hear my prayer,
And thy divine assistance deign to lend,
That holier feelings may this strife compose,
And thy blest glance of pity heal my woes.

TO THE CITY OF ROME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUIDICCIONE.

NURSE of the mighty ! who in ancient time
Filled thee with glory, and the world with fears ;
Once of the favouring gods the home sublime,
Now the abode of unavailing tears ;
How can I see thee of thy honours reft,
And hear thy sighs, nor feel my heart o'erflow ?
Can I behold thee dark and joyless left,
And not partake my bleeding country's woe ?
Majestic in thy fall ! though fall'n so low,
My bosom thrills at thy still hallowed name ;
E'en at thy ruins I adoring bow.—
Ah ! had I then beheld thee in thy fame,
When as a queen thy flowing locks around
The laurels of a conquered world were bound !

TO PEACE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BERNARDO TASSO.

Lo ! from her kindred heavens sweet peace descends !
Her gentle hand the welcome olive rears ;
Long absent from us, once again she bends
Her course to bless us, and to dry our tears.
Before her singing, crowned with joyful flowers,
Comes the fair shepherdess, who fears not now
The spoiler's outrage or the tyrant's powers,
But leads her flocks where crystal waters flow ;
While bounteous Plenty, from her lifted urn,
Sheds her rich gifts on every smiling plain.
Pleasures and Loves, long scared by war, return,
And dance around her in exulting train.
Earth, sea, and air, confess her lovely sway,
And Echo long repeats, ' Ah ! happy day.'

NOTES.

THE FUNERAL OF KING CHARLES I. Page 24.

IN the 'ATHENÆ OXONIENSES' of that minute and indefatigable antiquarian, Anthony a Wood, folio edition, Vol. ii. p. 703. there is a most interesting account of the funeral of King Charles I. in the narrative of Mr. Herbert, the attached servant and faithful companion of that unfortunate prince, in all circumstances, from the time he left the Isle of Wight until his death; and who was also witness of his interment in Windsor Chapel, he having obtained, on his second address to the Committee of Parliament, an order bearing date the 6th of February 1648, authorizing him and Mr. Anthony Mildmay to bury the King's body there. To the fidelity and correctness of Herbert's simple and touching narrative in all its circumstances, ample and honourable testimony has been rendered by Sir Henry Halford, in his account of opening the coffin of King Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in April 1813. And to such as are unacquainted with the minute particulars of this singular historical fact, the following abstract from Herbert's narrative may possibly be acceptable.

"Accordingly the corpse was carried thither [to Windsor] from St. James's, February 7th, in a hearse covered with black velvet, drawn by six horses covered with black cloth, attended by the gentlemen who had waited upon his Majesty at Carisbrook Castle, and other places, since his Majesty's going from Newcastle. Mr. Herbert shewed the governor, Colonel Whitcote, the Committee's order for permitting Mr. Herbert and Mr. Mildmay to bury him, the late King, in any place within Windsor Castle that they should think meet and fit. In the first place, in order thereunto they carried the King's body into the dean's house, which was hung with black, and after to his usual bedchamber within the palace. After which, they went to St. George's Chapel to take a view thereof, and of the most fit and honourable place for the royal corpse to rest in.

" Having taken a view, they at first thought that the tomb-house, built by Cardinal Wolsey, would be a fit place for his interment, but that place, though adjoining, yet not being within the royal chapel, they waved it, * * * * *

* * * and pitched upon the vault where King Edward IV. had been interred, being on the north side of the choir near the altar, that King being one his Majesty would often make honourable mention of, and from whom his Majesty was lineally propagated. That, therefore, induced Mr. Herbert to give order to N. Harrison and Henry Jackson to have that vault opened, partly covered with a large fair stone of touch, raised within the arch adjoining, having a range of iron bars gilt, curiously cut, according to church work, &c. But as they were about this work, some noblemen came thither; namely, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Lindsay, and with them Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, who had licence from the Parliament to attend the King's body to his grave. Those gentlemen therefore, Herbert and Mildmay, thinking fit to submit and leave the choice of the place of burial to those great persons, they in like manner viewed the tomb-house and choir; and one of the lords beating gently upon the pavement with his staff, perceived a hollow sound, and thereupon ordering the stones and earth to be removed, they discovered a descent into a vault, where two coffins were laid near one another, the one very large and of an antique form, the other little. These they supposed to be the bodies of King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour, his third wife, as indeed they were. The velvet palls that covered their coffins seemed fresh, though they had lain there above one hundred years.

" The lords agreeing that the King's body should be in the same vault interred, being about the middle of the choir, over against the eleventh stall on the sovereigns' side; they gave order to have the King's name, and year he died, cut in lead, * * * * *
* * * * * The girdle or superscription of capital letters of lead, put about the King's coffin, had only these words,

' KING CHARLES, 1648.'

" The King's body was then brought from his bedchamber down into St. George's Hall, whence after a little stay it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in most faces being then discernible) carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also

held up the pall; and the governor with several gentlemen, officers, and attendants came after.

"It was then observed that, at such time as the King's body was brought out from St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast, that by the time the corpse came to the west end of the royal chapel, the black velvet pall was all white, (the colour of innocency,) being thick covered over with snow.

"The body being set down by the bearers near the place of burial, the Bishop of London stood ready with the Service-book in his hands, to have performed his last duty to the King his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead set forth in the book of Common Prayer; which the lords likewise desired, but it would not be suffered by Colonel Whitchcot, the governor of the castle, by reason of the *directory*, to which (said he) *he and others were to be conformable.*"

THE ESCAPE OF THE QUEEN AND INFANT SON OF KING JAMES II. FROM WHITEHALL. Page 54.

"On the 6th of December, in the evening, the Queen, with the nurse carrying the Prince, then five months old, in her arms, and accompanied by the Count de Lausune, so famous for his own misfortunes, and by a few attendants, went privately from Whitehall. She crossed the Thames in an open boat, in a dark night, in a heavy rain, in a high wind, whilst the river was swollen, and at the coldest season of the year. A common coach had been ordered to wait for her on the opposite side; but by some accident it had been delayed for an hour. During this time, she took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth; turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes on the Prince, unconscious of the miseries attendant upon royalty, and who upon that account raised the greater compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmerings of which, she in vain explored the Palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard from thence."—*Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain*, vol. i. p. 238.

Not less interesting than this beautiful and pathetic quotation from the elegant historian above, is the account which King James himself gives of this event, in his own Memoirs, tom. ix. p. 256; which when we consider it was written by the husband and father of the royal fugitives

must excite in the bosom of every person of sensibility feelings of the most lively sympathy, for the anguish of heart in which he must have indited it.

" All things being ready by this time for the Queen and Prince's departure, it fell out opportunely enough that the Count de Lozune, a French gentleman, was then at the court of England, whither he came to offer his services to the King; but treachery and desertion of so many false friends, made the zeal and fidelity of his true ones useless, at least in reference to the war; so his Majesty accepted of his offer another way, as thinking him a proper person to attend upon the queen in this voyage, and that under the notion of his returning to his own country (there being no business for him in England) a yacht might be prepared, and the Queen and Prince pass unsuspected in his company.

" The Queen had a great reluctancy to this journey, not so much for the hazards and inconveniences of it, as to leave the King in so doubtful a situation; she having never done it hitherto in his greatest difficulties and dangers. And therefore, when it was first proposed, her Majesty absolutely refused it in reference to herself; telling the King she was very willing the Prince her son should be sent to France, or where it was thought most proper for his security, that she could bear such a separation with patience; but could never bear it with reference to himself; that she would infinitely rather share his fortune, whatever it should prove, than abandon him in his distress; that all hardships, hazards, or imprisonment itself would be more acceptable to her in his company, than the greatest ease and security in the world without him, unless he really proposed to come away himself too, then she was willing to be sent before him, if he thought it a more proper method to conceal their departure; which the King assuring her he really did, her Majesty consented to it at last. * * * * *

" This journey and separation therefore being at length resolved on, the Queen disguising herself crossed the river upon the 9th of December, taking with her only the Prince, his nurse, and two or three persons more along with her to avoid suspicion, and had sent to have a coach ready prepared on the other side, in which she went down to Gravesend, and got safe aboard the yacht; which, considering that the rabble was up in all parts to intercept and plunder whoever they thought were making their escape, was such a providence that nothing but a greater danger could excuse from rashness and temerity in attempting; but in

such afflicting circumstances, where the government of a distressed Prince is not only overturned, but himself and royal family in just apprehensions of the most barbarous treatment, all other hazards and hardships pass unregarded. Otherwise, for the queen to cross the river in a tempestuous night, with the Prince not six months old, to wait in the open air for a considerable time, till the coach was ready, and not only exposed to the cold, but to the continual danger of being discovered, which the least cry of the Prince might have done; to travel in the middle of an enraged people, without guards, servants, or convenience sufficient to preserve them from common dangers, or even to defend them from the cold, had been a tempting of providence on a less pressing occasion: however, it pleased God to bring them through all those dangers."—*Clark's Edition of Stuart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 244.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF CALLAO. Page 74.

At the destruction of Callao, in 1747, no more than one of the inhabitants escaped; and he, by a providence the most extraordinary. This man was on the fort that overlooked the harbour, going to strike the flag, when he perceived the sea to retire to a considerable distance; and then, swelling mountain high, it returned with great violence. The people ran from their houses in terror and confusion: he heard a cry of *Miserere* rise from all parts of the city; and immediately all was silent—the sea had entirely overwhelmed it, and buried it for ever in its bosom. But the same wave that destroyed it, drove a little boat by the place where he stood, into which he threw himself and was saved.

THE ROMAN TRIUMPH.

But who is he, majestic and alone,

Who in his country's fall forgets his own?—Page 91.

"Even at Rome, the name of Caractacus was in high celebrity. The Emperor, willing to magnify the glory of the conquest, bestowed the highest praise on the valour of the vanquished king. He assembled the people to behold a spectacle worthy of their view. In the field before the camp the prætorian bands were drawn up under arms. The followers of the British chief walked in procession. The military accoutrements, the harness, the rich collars, which he had gained in various

battles, were there displayed with pomp. The wife of Caractacus, his daughter, and his brother, followed next; he himself closed the melancholy train. The rest of the prisoners, struck with terror, descended to mean and abject supplications. Caractacus alone was superior to misfortune. With a countenance unaltered, not a symptom of fear appearing, no sorrow, no condescension, he behaved with dignity even in ruin."—*Annals of Tacitus*, b. xii. p. 372.

Such is the touching portrait which the Roman historian has given of the demeanour, under the most trying reverse of fortune, of the British hero, who had for so many years opposed the masters of the world in their full tide of conquest. The sequel is too well known to require detail; yet surely the free pardon and generous treatment which the royal captives received from the emperor Claudius, should be recorded as bright though solitary traits of greatness in the character of that feeble and besotted prince.

MASSACRE OF THE NUNS AT PARIS.

*And hard the task to many, for there were
Bright forms in that devoted company
Of consecrated maidens young and fair.*—Page 115.

Madame de Campan, in her Memoirs of Marie Antoinette, relates the following anecdote:

"A community of nuns with their abbess were all condemned to the guillotine, while the sanguinary fury of the French revolution was at its height. Many of these victims were young and beautiful, and most of them possessed angelic voices, and as they passed to execution, attired in their monastic habits, through the stormy streets of Paris, regardless of the insults of the ferocious mob, they raised the hymn of *Veni Creator*. They had never been heard to sing it so divinely, and the celestial chorus ceased not for a moment—not when they ascended the steps of the scaffold, nor while the work of death was going on, though it became feebler as one after the other fell under the guillotine; and at last it was sustained but by one voice, which was that of the abbess, but that at length ceased also, when she in turn submitted to the fatal stroke."



